

IRELAND  
A SONG OF HOPE  
& OTHER POEMS  
PADRIC GREGORY.



IRENE DWEN ANDREWS



W. H. Y. E.

---

Christmas 1917.

From  
Dorrie.



IRELAND : A SONG OF HOPE  
AND OTHER POEMS

*Books by Padric Gregory.*

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THE ULSTER FOLK (1912)

OLD WORLD BALLADS (1913)

MODERN ANGLO-IRISH VERSE (1914)

LOVE SONNETS (1914)

# **Ireland :** **A Song of Hope**

**And other Poems**

**By**

**PADRIC GREGORY**

**DUBLIN**

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A Song of Hope

And other Poems

PATRICK GREGORY

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DEDICATION

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TO

THE REV. GEORGE O'NEILL, S.J.

*Professor of Philology and English  
Language at University  
College, Dublin*

IN GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT  
OF MY INDEBTEDNESS TO HIM  
FOR HELPFUL CRITICISM  
I DEDICATE THESE  
VERSES



## AUTHOR'S NOTE

A number of the poems here collected for the first time have already appeared in the following anthologies: *The Treasury of Irish Prose and Verse* (George Routledge & Son), edited by Mr. Guy W. Pertwee; *The Book of Irish Poetry* (The Talbot Press, Ltd., Dublin), edited by Mr. Alfred Perceval Graves; *The Lullabies of Four Nations* (The De La More Press), edited by Miss Adelaide G. A. Gosset; *A Little Book of Irish Verse* (Heath, Cranton, Ltd.), edited by Mr. Albert A. C. White; and one poem is reprinted from *Modern Anglo-Irish Verse* (David Nutt), edited by myself. Others in this volume originally appeared in *Studies*, *New Ireland*, *The Irish Book Lover*, *Irish Opinion*, *The Clongowinian*, *The Irish Rosary*, *The Cross*, &c., &c. To those to whom I am indebted for permission to reprint any of the verses in this book I desire to tender my sincere thanks.

PADRIC GREGORY.





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POEMS AND BALLADS  
RELATING TO IRELAND



# IRELAND:

## A SONG OF HOPE

### IRELAND: A SONG OF HOPE



NOT in this day, O Ireland, shalt  
thou perish,  
What though red ruin spates  
all peoples down,  
For thou still bringest forth strong sons  
who cherish  
A fierce and sacred love for thy renown.

Heed not if even the angels gasp  
astounded,  
If the blood-drunken earth, o'er-gorged  
of wars,  
Crunches the clay-based thrones kings  
deemed rock-founded,  
And vomits them unto the startled  
stars.

For not on rock or brass is thy throne  
    builded,  
    But on proud passionate hearts in every  
    clime ;  
And they will bear thee, who hath royally  
    filled it,  
    Till Judgement bugles blare the doom  
    of Time.

Mother of warriors, heroes, saints, and  
    sages !  
    Thy day hath yet to dawn : thy martyrs'  
    cries  
God yet shall hear and grant thee, thro'  
    the ages,  
    The freedom thou hast craved for  
    centuries.

For God wots well since thou became  
    enslavéd—  
    What though thy cheeks are scarred  
    with salten tears—  
Thy faith in His White Word hath lived  
    and bravéd  
    The Oppressor's might for nigh a  
    thousand years.



Thy sorrowed eyes have seen invading  
foemen—

Grim sons of grimmer sires King Dathy  
shamed—

Make of thy land a death-pen where their  
yeomen

Burned and pillaged, raped and racked,  
and maimed.

At their command thy homesteads have  
been shattered,

Thy best-born shipped across the seas  
as slaves,

Or left to rot, with gaping eyes, blood-  
spattered,

Or heaped like vermin into unmarked  
graves.

And yet, O land beloved ! the years have  
found thee

Sole Sovereign still, in hearts of noble  
birth ;

Meetly, O land revered ! the years have  
crowned thee

A type eternal of true mother's worth.

For thee, men laboured in the sheltered  
    haven,  
    Laid the war-corach's keel, and manned  
    its side,  
And broke the standards of the Danish  
    Raven,  
And drove their corpse-strewn ships  
    back o'er the tide.

For thee, a thousand times, in 'venging  
    rallies  
    Thy lion-hearted met and fought and  
    bled ;  
A thousand times thy hills, and woods,  
    and valleys,  
Have shown the stars their grasses  
    splashed with red.

While warred thy sinewy brood for death  
    or honour ;  
    For ne'er to victor foe were known to  
    kneel  
Niall, Brian, Malachy, O'Connor,  
O'Donnell, Art Macmurrough, or Shane  
    O'Neill.

And age left age thy bitter wrong's sad  
story,

And hand to hand gave down the torch  
aflame :

Thine O'Sullivan Beare's and Owen  
Roe's glory ;

Red Hugh's and Sarsfield's, Tone's and  
Emmet's fame.

Theirs to unloose the welded chains thou  
worest—

The chains we yet shall rive and tear  
in twain ;

Theirs, theirs, to struggle when the strife  
was sorest,

And ours the fruit of all their searing  
pain.

And theirs the bitterness when Hate's  
dark surges

Gathered and broke o'er thee, adown  
the years ;

Ours, ours the joy when thy sweet form  
emerges

From slavery's Pale, cleanséd in God's  
own tears.

In this our day thou shalt be freed, O  
Mother!

And leave thy sundered chains behind  
the bars;

And we will rear thy throne o'er every  
other,

And aureole thy brows with gleaming  
stars.

Thy golden womb shall still give forth  
new sages

To teach the peoples, listening in meek  
awe,

To love the rule of equal right, through  
ages,

To guard and keep that nobler, juster  
law.

And thou shalt win the whole world's  
adulation,

And when thy stainless standard is  
unfurled,

Thy new and eldern glory every nation

Will hymn in thunderous pæans round  
the world.

And we, with those long exiled from their  
sireland,  
Wherever they hold empery, shall not  
fail  
With welkin-echoing cheers to bid thee,  
Ireland,  
Mother of Mothers, Queen of Queens,  
all hail !

IRELAND AND WORLD  
FREEDOM.



IRELAND ! *this is my song of  
you—*

*This is the song I give your  
sons*

*(Patriots all, and staunch and true),  
To sing in despite of the brattling guns.*

The drums of doom, at Islam's gate,  
Shall beat full soon, nor be denied !  
The virgin torn, the gray-beard spate,  
Whose ghosts to God for vengeance cried

Shall be avenged ; and spectral hosts  
Of slain from Greece and Macedon,  
From Crete to the Dalmatian coasts,  
Shall rise to see the vengeance done.

The worms shall glut and feast their fill  
Upon the bones of throneless Czars,  
The Muscov speak his sons his will.  
About this age's freeing wars.

The Pole, the Maygar, held in thrall,  
And all who knew the bondsman's  
shame  
Shall crash aside the cup of gall  
And break the bonds that sear and  
maim.

The races tyranny long smote  
Shall beat their swords to ploughing-  
shares,  
Armenian, Albanian, Croat,  
Shall hymn High-God in lauding  
prayers.

And as the peoples rose and broke  
The power of eldern Ayran kings :  
In distant Cathy burst the yoke,  
Thro' Babylon's walls clove openings,

And left the Pantheon a place  
Where now but green-backed lizards  
bide,  
Exterminated Phillip's race,  
And crushed the haughty Burbons'  
pride,



So shall the peoples bring to dust  
The Teuton's breed: his power shall  
wane,  
And battle-fields shall gape and lust  
For sacrificial blood in vain.

And men shall rally, as of yore,  
Whatever nurtures in them still  
The faith that thrills the brave heart's  
core,  
And 'courages the constant will.

And they who suffered and stood fast  
That justice might the weak uphold  
Shall come into their own at last:  
Their blessings shall be manifold.

And in its death-throes Tyranny  
Shall see the dusk of ruin stain  
Its capitals, and, blightinglly,  
Fire mosque, and minaret, and fane.

And when the Maori takes his stand  
On London Bridge's crumbling walls,  
To limm—perchance with trembling  
hand—  
“ The broken ruin of St. Paul's ”

Then, then, O Ireland! thou who brought  
Forth men of wisdom and of worth,  
Ere Pharaohs ruled, or Cæsars fought,  
Or Christ came down to save this  
earth—

Then, then, O Motherland! shalt thou  
Still stand resplendent, fair, and free,  
Victor and vanquished to endow  
With thine own love of liberty.

*Ireland! this is my song of you—  
This is the song I give your sons  
(Patriots all, and staunch and true),  
To sing in despite of the brattling guns.*

## THE CAPTURE OF THE CANNON.

(A Ballad of the Williamite Wars, A.D. 1690).



ALL on a starless August morn  
Ere yet the first cock crew,  
Brave Sarsfield took, from  
Limerick town,  
The road to Killaloe.

He gave the word, then fleetly spurred  
By darkened vale and fen,  
And he sang this song, as he rode along  
At the head of five hundred men :

*The Dutch steal down from Cashel town  
With powder and ball and cannon,  
And flat tin-boats to use as floats  
In the marshes of the shannon ;  
But their guns we'll thiefe, and their guns  
we'll leave  
Their mouths the brown earth under,  
Pile powder and ball, tin-boats and all,  
And we'll blow the heap asunder.*

They rode to do ! they rode to die !

They rode more fleetly than the wind,  
Till a castle-towered before them lowered  
And Limerick town lay far behind.

To Ballyneety's towers they came  
Ere two of the clock had chimed,  
And they spake no words, but they loosed  
their swords,  
And rode with their muskets primed.

And Sarsfield halted his cavalcade  
All in the tree-lined road ;  
In the saddle he turned, and his bright  
eyes burned,  
Like discs of fire they glowed ;

Vnd he drew his sword, then he gave the  
word  
And they swept on their enemy,  
And as muskets crashed, and sabres  
flashed,  
They thundered right merrilie :

*Ho ! ho ! you're down from Cashel town  
With powder and ball and cannon,*

*And your flat tin-boats to use as floats  
And ferry ye o'er the Shannon ;  
But your guns we'll take, and your guns  
we'll stake  
Their mouths the brown earth under,  
Pile powder and ball, tin-boats and all,  
And we'll blow the heap asunder.*

No man they spared when their swords  
they bared  
Till the ground was strewn with dead,  
Till like stark hosts of dawn-caught ghosts  
The Dutchmen broke and fled.

And when his band at his stern command  
Back in from their routing rode,  
Brave Sarsfield's eyes in the darkness  
burned,  
Like discs of fire they glowed.

Quoth he : " Well done ! well fought and  
won !

Now carry ye out my plan,  
For " Sarsfield " is the word, my men,  
And Sarsfield is the man ! "

Ere the order slipped from his lips they  
gripped

The cannon and dragged them forth,  
They loaded them well with powder and  
shell

And jammed their mouths in the earth.

And Sarsfield smiled as his soldiers piled  
On top of the loaded cannon,  
The flat tin boats to be used as floats  
In the marshes of the Shannon.

And over the plain they laid a train  
Of powder, then rode away,  
O'er dying and dead the cavalcade sped  
Ere the east 'gan growing grey.

Then anon came a flash, a quivering flash,  
And a bright white blinding flare!  
It seemed as though Heaven asunder was  
riven

For a crash rent the morning air,  
That rumbled the ground for leagues  
around  
And shuddered the hills of Clare!

. . . . .

And Sarsfield halted his cavalcade  
All in the tree-lined road,  
In the saddle he turned, and his bright  
eyes burned,  
Like discs of fire they glowed.

And he sheathed his sword then fleetly  
spurred  
By brightening hill and down,  
And he sang this song, as he rode along  
To the gates of Limerick town :

*The Dutch crept down from Cashel town  
With powder and ball and cannon,  
And their flat tin boats to use as floats  
In the marshes of the Shannon ;  
But their ranks we cleft, and their guns  
we left  
Their mouths the brown earth under,  
Piled powder and ball, tin boats and all,  
And we blew the heap asunder.*



## THE BRIDGE OF ATHLONE.

(A Ballad of the Williamite Wars, 1691).



WHEN Ginkell came before  
Athlone  
With horse, and foot, and  
cannon,  
Quoth he: "I'll breach yon mouldering  
walls,  
And then I'll cross the Shannon!"

"Aim straight! aim straight! my gunners  
true,  
Wipe out yon Irish rabble,  
And cleave those walls with cannon balls,  
As swiftly as thou'rt able!"

The grim Dutch gunners eyed the town,  
They primed their cannon fairly,  
And Ginkell laughed for the bursting  
shells  
They missed the bastions rarely.

Then up and spake the brave Fitzgerald—  
Above the cannon crashes—

“The Dutch have blazed and cleft and  
razed  
Athlone’s old walls to ashes;

“And even now they do prepare  
With horse, and foot, and cannon,  
To take our town if they can win  
The bridge across the Shannon.”

Then up and spake a sergeant brave:  
“Who’ll make the Dutchmen wonder,  
And laugh in the teeth of bloody Death,  
And hack yon bridge asunder?”

Stepped forth eleven goodly men—  
Greybeards, and youths, and yeomen;  
Aye, even the wounded cried for leave  
To meet their foreign foemen!

Out on the bridge the Irish rushed  
“For God and Ireland!” crying,  
And stood in a hell of seething shell,  
Stout axe and crowbar plying.

But musketeers and grenadiers  
Full soon those braves did slaughter,  
And warm blood dripped, thro' beams  
half-ripped,  
And dyed the Shannon water.

Twelve more brave hearts leaped forth,  
nor feared  
The muskets deadly humming,  
And a wall of Irish flesh and blood  
Barred well the Dutch on-coming.

St. Ruth rode up, St. Ruth rode down,  
Upon the Connacht border,  
And Ginkell lined, for one mad charge,  
His cavaliers in order—

Then spake; and smoke-grimed soldiers  
sped,  
But lo! with thunderous crashes  
That thrill all hearts the corpse-strewn  
bridge  
Into the torrent dashes!

And only two of that fearless band  
Of greybeards, youths, and yeomen,  
E'er lived to hear the ringing cheer  
That broke from friends and foemen.

. . . . .

When Ginkell came before Athlone  
With horse, and foot, and cannon,  
Quoth he: "I'll breach yon mouldering  
walls,  
And then I'll cross the Shannon!"

With cannon balls he breached the walls,  
But his gunners were not able  
To quell the dauntless spirit  
Of the Irish hero-rabble.

And folk still sing the noble deed  
Throughout our sorrowed sireland,  
Christ send us more like the twenty-four  
Brave men who bled for Ireland.

## A BALLAD OF '98 HEROES.



HERE'S to the men who, for  
Ireland's sake,  
Were banished across the  
sea,  
Prisoned, pitch-capped, flayed at the  
stake,  
Or hung on the gallows-tree ;  
And here's to the heroes who, pike in  
hand,  
Lay rotting on battle plain  
Because they had planned  
To make our Land  
A Nation once again.

Tone's throat was slit in Kilmainham Jail,  
Young Emmet cut up half hung ;  
How they hacked Fitzgerald to death 's a  
tale—  
For shame's sake—better unsung ;

Father Murphy was shot before Arklow  
While leading a hopeless fray,  
And treacherous foe  
Hung MacCracken, Munroe,  
And sent Dwyer to Botany Bay.

Here's to the men who inspired the war  
Soul-bittered by Ireland's tears :  
MacNevin, Bond, Addis Emmet, Orr,  
Tandy, O'Connor, and Shears ;  
When with England's legions they strove  
to cope  
They were hounded down like slaves,  
And if, like Hope,  
They escaped the rope  
Were branded as cowardly knaves.

Here's to the Nameless Unnumbered  
Dead  
Who battled for Ireland's weal,  
Ne'er fearful of whirlwind showers of lead  
Or glittering lines of steel ;  
And here's to the living whose hearts  
were wrung

When they found themselves alone :  
    Their women-folk strung,  
    Or raped, or hung,  
Their babes on the dung-heap thrown.

Then here's to the pikemen and  
    musketeers  
Who fought with such right good will,  
We've honoured their names for an  
    hundred years,  
We boast of their bravery still ;  
And we're sprung from their sturdy seed,  
    and we  
Will fight as they fought of yore—  
    Aye, if needs be  
    Till eternity—  
Till we free our Land once more.

When the patient is in a position to be examined, the physician should be seated at the head of the bed, and the patient should be lying on his back. The physician should then examine the patient's head, neck, and chest, and then the abdomen, pelvis, and extremities. The patient should be examined in the following order: head, neck, chest, abdomen, pelvis, and extremities.

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**CHRISTMAS CAROLS AND BALLADS**

CHRISTMAS CAROLS AND BALLADS

A CHURL'S SONG OF  
CHRISTMAS.

A.D. 1300.



O-MORROW will be Christ's  
birthday,  
And we, poor churls, will all  
make gay

And spend our Yuletide gaily ;  
Nor out to plough the gafol plot,  
Or thatch the barley-ricks, I wot,  
Or sweat as we do daily,  
Or mast the hogs, or bank the ditch,  
Or skin the beeves, or salt the flitch,  
Or in the barths go redding ;  
But we the tegs will fastle fast,  
Well-foddered, and till Yule is past  
Toil none in tower or steading.

*And so, I prithee, merrie be  
In joy of Christ's Nativitie ;  
And wassail, wassail, wassail sing  
In honour of our Lord and King.*

And when the sacring-bell hath rung,  
And when the priest his Mass hath sung  
A-down to board we'll frolic ;  
And when our lord hath ta'en his place,  
And good Friar Anslem's mumbled  
" Grace,"

In meat and mead we'll rollick.  
And knight and 'squire, and clerk and  
priest,  
And churl, and wight, and wench will  
feast,

On what their eyes may hap on—  
For there'll be boar's-head, roasted quail,  
Plum-porridge, veal, and sweetened ale,  
And mallard, goose, and capon.

*And so, I prithee, merrie be  
In joy of Christ's Nativitie ;  
And wassail, wassail, wassail sing  
In honour of our Lord and King.*

And, after meat, the minstrel-mimes  
Will troll for us their merrie rhymes,  
And we will romp and revel,  
And 'plaud buffons and jugglers too,

And cozen with the wenches who  
 Will kiss without a cavil ;  
 The mummers we will jape and cheer,  
 We'll bourd, and bawl, and sing, nor fear  
 The frown of lord or neighbour,  
 And we will carol joyfulie  
 To merrie song and melodie  
 Of flagelot and tabor.

*And so, I prithee, merrie be  
 In joy of Christ's Nativitie ;  
 And wassail, wassail, wassail sing  
 In honour of our Lord and King.*

And yet, from dawn till even-dim,  
 Our chiefest thoughts shall be of Him  
 Whom God the Father gave us,  
 Who came to this bleak earth to live,  
 His Heart's most precious Blood to give,  
 And from the Pit to save us.  
 And so, at times, we'll pause from play  
 And sign the Cross and lowly pray  
 To Christ, the swaddled Stranger,  
 Who blest mankind that Christmas morn  
 When He, all houseless and forlorn,  
 Lay shivering in a manger.

*And so, I prithee, pray with me  
In joy of Christ's Nativitie ;  
And wassail, wassail, wassail sing  
In honour of our Lord and King.*

HOC DIE DOMINUS NOSTER  
NASCITUR.



O wind the silvern horn,  
And pluck the angelot string,  
And viol, lute, and flute make  
play  
For Jesus Christ, the King.  
For Jesus Christ, the King.

And as ye wandering go  
Chant joyously this lay—  
Till earth and sea and sky do ring—  
“The Christ is born to-day!  
The Christ is born to-day!”

No instrument have I  
To serve my singing need,  
Yet I, too, fain would pipe His praise  
Though't be upon a reed,  
Though't be upon a reed.

But ye with silvern horn,  
Lute, flute and angelot,  
Sing carols meet and blithe and sweet,  
For Christ the God-Begot,  
For Christ the God-Begot.



## MARY'S SONG TO JESUS.



ROCK-A-BY, hush-a-by, lo, I  
sing,

Flesh of my flesh! my Son,  
my King,

King Kaspar, lord of many lands,  
Doth ride this night to Bethlehem  
(*O camel bells across the sands!*)

To kiss Thy swaddling garment's  
hem—

Yet Thou sleepest to the sad sleep-song  
I sing;

Look up for a space from my breast, my  
King,

That Thy mother may kiss Thy rose-bud  
Mouth,

More sweet than the spice of the fragrant  
south.

Rock-a-by, hush-a-by, lo, I sing,  
Blood of my blood! my Son, my King,  
And King Balthasar, mile on mile,

Doth sail at dawn and even dim  
*(O plashing oars adown the Nile !)*  
To see my Jesus smile at him—  
Yet Thou sleepest to the sad sleep-song  
I sing ;  
Awaken and croodle and croon, my  
King,  
And Thy mother will kiss Thy Hands and  
Feet,  
Dimpled and delicate, white and sweet.

Rock-a-by, hush-a-by, lo, I sing,  
Bone of my bone ! my Son, by King,  
King Melchior, ere the last star wanes,  
Shall kneel and lay before Thee there  
*(O signal fires across the plains !)*  
Pure gold and frankinsense and  
mhyrr—  
Yet Thou sleepest to the sad sleep-song  
I sing ;  
Ah, Thou shiverest there on the straw,  
my King,  
Come ! Thy mother these swaddling  
clothes will part  
And keep Thee warmer against her heart.

Rock-a-by, hush-a-by, lo, I sing,  
Life of my life ! my Son, my King,  
    The shephards throng this stable door  
    To greet the Father's Holy One  
    (*O gleaming star that moves no  
        more !*)  
    To greet the Light whence light  
        began—  
Yet Thou sleepest to the sad sleep-song  
    I sing ;  
Ah, open Thy sleepy Eyes, my King,  
That Thy mother may see her baby  
    smile—  
A baby Thou'lt be such a little while !

Rock-a-by, hush-a by, lo, I sing,  
Soul of my soul ! my Son, my King,  
    Thy Father's angels, in Thy praise,  
    Breathe forth the songs of Paradise  
    (*O host more bright than stars' bright  
        rays !*)  
    And crave but one glance of Thine  
        Eyes—  
Yet Thou sleepest to the sad sleep-song  
    I sing ;

Canst hear them hail Thee their Lord  
and King?

Smile up at these makers of Heavenly  
song,

And the kings and shephards that round  
Thee throng.

Rock-a-by, hush-a-by, lo, I sing,  
Why doest Thou sleep so long, my King?  
Thou seemest dead—Thou liest so still!  
Ah, yes! Thou dreamest we must  
part

*(O gaunt stark Cross on Calvary's Hill!)*

And so creep'st closer to my heart—  
And sleepest to the sad sleep-song I sing.  
My Jesus, my Baby, my God, my King,  
Oh, promise Thy mother Thou'lt ne'er  
forget

Of this night when Thy Face with her  
tears were wet.

## A BALLAD OF BETHLEHEM.



FROM a field nigh the cave where  
Christ was born,  
What though no fragrant rose-  
trees blossom there—  
The Chroniclers tell—each Christmas  
morn  
The sweet perfume of roses fills the  
air.

In all good sooth, 'tis meet that this  
should be ;  
For in this field, of yore, by God's  
White Hand  
Were formed and fashioned with all  
delicacy  
The first rose-blooms beheld in any  
land.

The Judges and the Scribes of Bethlehem  
In council had condemned a maid to  
die

For that she would not sin with one of  
them

But valued more than life her chastity.

The while they dragged her from the  
judgment-halls

The people spat on her, and rent her  
dress,

Till that she reached the fields outside  
the walls

Torn, bruised, and shivering in her  
nakedness.

And there prone on her face, she prayed  
this prayer :

“ Sweet Christ ! an’t be Thy Will that  
I should die,

I am content as I am ’neath Thy care,

But Thou vouchsafe to prove my  
purity.”

While yet she prayed, they dragged her  
to the stake

And bound her fast with chains no fire  
could burn ;

And as they piled the faggots, mockers  
spake :

“Well merited the death all harlots  
earn!”

They fired the pile wherein she meekly  
stood,

And watched the flames about her frail  
limbs roam ;

But, lo ! the brands changed to roses red  
as blood !

The flames to sprays of roses white as  
foam !

The Judges and the Scribes of Bethlehem  
In council had condemned this maid to  
die

For that she would not sin with one of  
them,

But valued more than life her chastity.

And while they dragged her from the  
judgment halls

The people spat on her, and rent her  
dress,

Till that she lay outside their city walls  
Bruised, shamed, and shivering in her  
nakedness.

But there God proved her holy purity ;  
For there, near Bethlehem, by His  
own Hand  
He formed and fashioned with all  
delicacy  
The first rose-blossoms known in any  
land.

And, as He changed the brands to roses  
red,  
Or, as He changed the flames to roses  
white,  
May He change sinful hearts, and on each  
head  
Shed down unceasingly the grace of  
Light.

Amen.



## AN OLD ENGLISH YULE-SONG



OUR good liege-lord, King Arthur,  
lies

This Yule at toweréd Came-  
lot,

And hither he hath bidden his court

To keep the feast of Christ, I wot !

What then though nor'land winds blow  
cool,

And she-wolves roam the country-side,  
In revelry and carolling

We'll pass this joyous Christmastide—

*Sing Heigh lolly lolly lo !*

*Let serfmen and freemen,*

*Cowléd friar, and knight and 'squire*

*Join the mumming gleemen.*

And though our lord's leal knights will  
miss

Sir Gawain, the courtly and the good,

Who fares to smite the fierce Green  
Knight

In his dark northern solitude ;  
Gramercy ! he'll return betimes  
When he hath taken blow for blow :  
Upheld the fame of Arthur's court,  
And made the eyttyn's blood to flow—

*Sing Christ Jesu, Mary's Son,  
Swaddled in a manger,  
Strengthen good Sir Gawain's arm  
And shield him from danger.*

And when the Mass-priest sings the Mass,  
And we have sent the poor away  
With bulging wallet-bags, we'll out  
To watch the knights at tourney-play ;  
And when the pole-star glitters bright  
We'll back into the banquet-hall,  
And there'll be minstrelsey and cheer,  
And meat and mead enough for all—

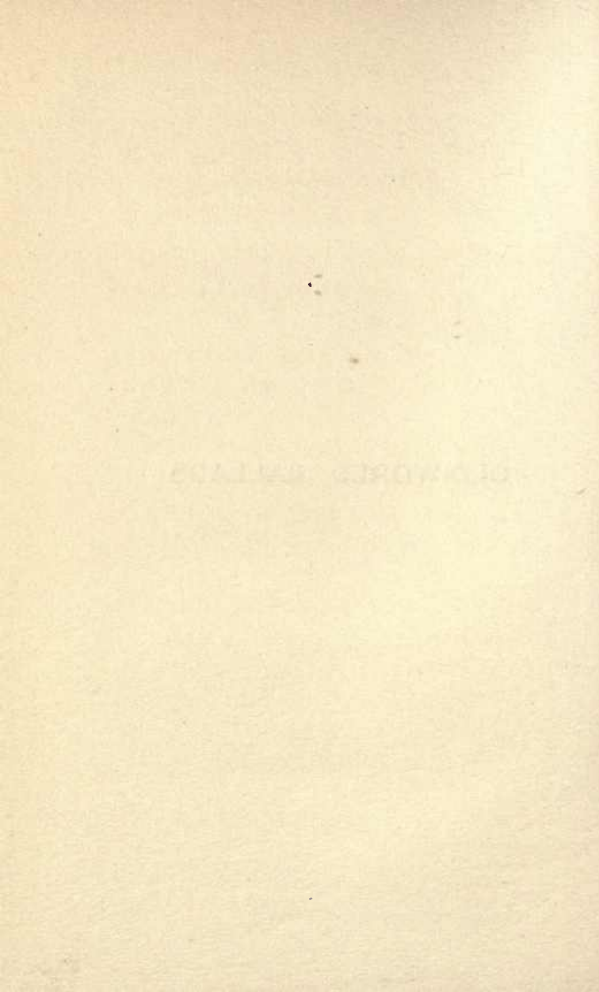
*Sing Heigh lolly lolly lo !  
Let serfmen, and freemen,  
And maid and squire, never tire  
Carolling with the gleemen.*

But though to-morrow we'll make gay,  
To-night, I'll trow, we'll mindful be  
Of Him who came on Christmas morn  
To shed His Heart's Blood on the Tree.  
So, hearth-wife, sweep and strew thine  
house,  
Leave door unpinned, and lanthorn lit,  
And Mary and her Spouse, mayhap,  
Will come and rest a space in it—

*Sing Christ Jesu, Mary's Son,  
Poor homeless Stranger !  
Make my house Thy birthing-place  
And my heart Thy manger.*



OLD-WORLD BALLADS



## THE MAD SON.

A Ballad of the Wars of the Roses, A.D. 1490.



*WO red red roses burgeonéd,  
Sing Heigh-ho! sing Heigh-  
dey!*

*One rose is dead, one withering,  
Christ rest you, gentle lady.*

Three men rode out thro' Exeter,  
On palfreys white as white could be,  
And one was a friar, and one a 'squire,  
And one a lord of high degree.

As thro' the town they took their way,  
A whisper sped from door to door,  
The good priest looked nor left nor right,  
But told his brown beads o'er and o'er.

The young 'squire told no rosary-beads,  
His hands lay listless in his lap,  
His pale cheeks looked the paler for  
The red rose in his sable cap.

And ever as they rode along  
He gazed before with yernful eyes,  
And sang in quavering voice and low  
A love-rune, in this piteous wise :

*Two red red roses burgeonéd,  
Sing Heigh-ho ! sing Heigh-dey !  
One rose is dead, one withering,  
Christ rest you, gentle lady.*

And ever as they rode along  
The Lord of Ware wept bitterly,  
And beat his breast and moaned aloud :  
“ Miserere Domine ! ”

“ No sire had nobler son than I,  
Our race's strength lurked 'neath his  
brows,  
But 'twas his will to wive with one  
Whose breed had fought the Red-Rose  
House.

“ ‘A slut!’ I cried ; and for my throat  
I saw his hip-sword's murderous dash,  
But lo, I neivelled him to earth  
Swiftly as forkéd lightning's flash !



“ I would the blow had reaved his life !  
For now he roams my castle-lands  
With ambling gait, or mute of lip  
Sits listlessly with twinéd hands.

“ I would the blow had reaved his life !  
But 'tis my penance, by Christ's grace,  
To list his maffle-speech, and mark  
The witless leer upon his face.

“ The maid he would have wed with died  
The hapless hour she came to know  
The Lord of Ware had struck his heir,  
And made an idiot with a blow.

“ Somewise he knoweth she hath died,  
And so with roses white and red,  
Each Christ's-day, he doth ride to deck  
A mound 'neath which he deems her  
laid.

“ I, with my priest, do follow him  
And kneel hard by while he doth sing  
His witless song of roses red,  
One dead and one fast withering.”

. . . . .


Two men rode back thro' Exeter,  
On palfreys white as white could be,  
The Lord of Ware, and a cowléd friar,  
Behind a mourning companie.

As thro' the town they took their way  
A whisper sped from door to door,  
And townsfolk bared their heads while  
passed  
The bier their liege-lord's henchmen  
bore.

And as the grieved men rode along  
With low-hung heads and brimming  
eyes,  
They seemed to hear, far far away,  
His love-rune sung in piteous-wise :

*Two red red roses, burgeonéd,  
Sing Heigh-ho ! sing Heigh-dey !  
One rose is dead, one withering,  
Christ rest you, gentle lady.*

## THE BALLAD OF FRIAR MARK.

HE hills loomed dim blue at  
the wane of day,  
Their peaks by the red sun  
kisst,  
O'er the vale at their base, in white array,  
Crept the hosts of evening mist.

But, heedless, Friar Mark sate beneath a  
tree  
That grew by the river's bank,  
His face grave and bright, alternately,  
As his green float rose or sank.

Till, anon, he heard from his convent grey  
The chimes of the vesper-bell,  
And, crossing himself, he began to pray,  
And his worn brown beads to tell.


From their hidden nests, in a leafy grove,  
"Good-nights" chirped the feathery  
throng:

The holy man heard, raised his voice in  
love,  
And joined in their even-song.

But, high o'er the throng singing sleepily,  
One linnet sang blithe and clear :  
"O Maker and Master who rul'st on High!  
Send Thou an angel here."

And Christ heard, and sent from His  
Garth above  
One angel down to this world of sin,  
And, afterwards, smiled and spake words  
of love,  
As He led *two* angels in.

## SIR JOHN OF THE FENWOODS.

HE lady crept to her chamber  
When the bats were on the  
wing,  
And the gold moon clomb  
thro' the star-ways  
At the deep of evening ;

And she drew from a leathern wallet—  
Embroidered with loving care—  
A rose-red love-knot, and wove it  
Into her long dark hair.

And the while she braided her tresses  
She sang of the Isle of Trees,  
That lies, like a glimmering emerald,  
In the Southern foam-flecked seas.

The halberdier paused 'neath the keep-  
tower,  
The castle had fallen still ;  
And a fragrant rose-bud fluttered  
From her chamber window-sill.

He kissed it ; then passed thro' the keep-  
tower,

Like a silent shadowy thing,  
And he was 'ware, as he clomb the stair,  
Of a dulcet lute-playing :

“ Night and day, Sir John of the Fenwoods  
Doth war on my dead sire's lands,  
For that I swore his bearded lips  
Would never kiss my hands :

“ Not for all the odorous breathing spice  
From the land of Araby,  
Or myrrh, or frankincense, or gold,  
Or pearls, or ivory—  
Would I wed Sir John of the Fenwoods,  
Whose dark ships sail the sea.

“ But the stranger who came in the mead-  
month  
To serve at my beck and call—  
Though many a knight hath spake me  
fair—  
I love him best of all.”

And he answered: "Sweet! ere the  
dawn-tide,

We'll away to the Isle of Trees  
That lies, like a glimmering emerald,  
In the Southern foam-flecked seas."

He kissed her brow, her lips, her throat,  
Her heaving breast, her paly hands,  
And spake: "I blame not him who warred  
Upon your spreading castle-lands!"

He saddled her a palfrey white,  
Himself a dapple grey,  
And thro' the sleeping men-at-arms  
They rade ere white of day.

And the years speed by like day-dreams  
On the quiet Isle of Trees  
That lies, like a glimmering emerald,  
In the Southern foam-flecked seas.

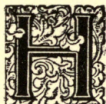
And oft, in her secret chamber,  
When the bats are on the wing,  
And the gold moon climbs thro' the star-  
ways  
At the deep of evening,

She draws from a leathern wallet  
Embroidered with loving care,  
The love-knot the halberdier gave her,  
And braids it into her hair.

And she wots not John of the Fenwoods  
No longer wars on her lands :  
She wots not John of the Fenwoods  
Hath the leave to kiss her hands.



## THE SIGN OF THE CROSS.



HE walked across the chapel,  
Between the oaken pews,  
And beckoned me; I followed  
him  
Out through the yews.

He whispered : " If you love me,  
You'll not go back to pray :  
But keep the shelter of my arms  
Till red of day."

And, stooping down, he kissed me ;  
His face was icy cold,  
His lips were wet and clammy, like  
The grave-yard mould.

I heard a bat flit by us,  
I heard a watch-dog bark,  
He gazed with seeming-sightless eyes  
Into the dark ;

Then raised his hand and pointed  
Across the meadow-dips,  
And spake: "The earth lies on my eyes,  
And 'twixt my lips."

He moved across the church-yard,  
I followed where he led—  
Sweet Christ! then I remembered  
That he was dead!

Afar a cock 'gan crowing,  
A watch-dog 'gan to bark,  
He passed, with horror in his eyes,  
Into the dark.

Would God I had not Crossed myself!  
I'd not be left to moan,  
Alone, at the dawn's break, standing as  
Though turned to stone;

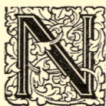
My love I might have followed  
Across the meadow-dips,  
What though the earth lay on my eyes  
And 'twixt my lips.

MEMORIAL VERSES



## THE HEALER.

(In memory of my friend, Francis Wisely, M.D., who died of wounds received at Gallipoli, Sept. 14th, 1915).



NOT yours to heed the battle-  
trumpet's call,  
And order slaughter with  
your latest breath,  
Not yours locked in your comrades' ranks  
to fall,  
But yours to clutch their bleeding  
forms from death.

And yours to wash their wounds, to  
soothe their cries,  
And whisper them: "Though troubled  
of your scars—  
Bear ye, for Justice' sake, and lift your  
eyes,  
And set your foreheads to the flaming  
stars."

Friend of the healing hands! rest now,  
and know

The fruits of your sweet ministerings  
they reap;

That Time shall not your memory over-  
throw,

And your long sleep shall be no barren  
sleep.

## THE COMFORTER.

(To a gentle and saintly kinswoman on the death of her  
sister, April, 1915).



NOT to the Dead my tribute, but  
to thee,  
O strong staunch heart! 'tis  
thine by every right.

The road thou walkest sweeps into the  
night,  
And yet thou walkest on—unflinching.

And when thy worn soul beats against the  
bars,  
Surely unto His angels Christ will say:  
“To guide that soul, upon her Me-ward  
way,  
Hang ye the darkened skies with silver  
stars!”

And when within the Garth thou stand'st  
apart  
Wherein our gentle Saviour fashioneth

The charity whereof, at times of death,  
Thou brought'st sweet ministrations to  
each heart.

We, of thy house, who saw thee wearied  
With prayer and watch for kin and  
stranger too,  
Will whisper of the griefs thy brave  
heart knew,  
And tear-wet hands will make and smooth  
thy bed.



# SACRED VERSES



## TO THE MAN GOD.



**I** CRAVE Thee, O Man-God !  
Guide Thou me thro' my  
length of days,  
That I may learn to walk for  
Thee

The austere ways  
That Thou hast trod  
For me, for very me.  
And if I daily fret or grieve,  
Because I cannot understand,  
Give Mary leave  
And she will tell  
White Gabriel  
Or Uriel  
To come and take me by the hand,  
And lead me thro' this sorrow-land,  
Away, away,  
To where I may  
Journey amidst the sweetest sounds,  
And breathe, thro' the eternal hours,  
The fragrant sweetness of the flowers—  
The Five Red Flowers that are Thy  
Wounds.

## THE CRY OF THE PENITENT.



SWEET, did you meet King  
Love this even?  
This windy valley He wan-  
dered thro' ;

And, did He sadly turn on you  
Eyes blue as the cobalt deeps of Heaven?

Around His bleeding Brows shone seven  
Crimson poppies a-gleam with dew;  
Sweet, did you meet King Love this even?  
This windy valley He wandered thro'.

Mine aching heart is sorrow-riven :  
He passed thro' the haze of lilac-blue  
That hides the pyre of the sun from  
view,  
And left my stained soul unshriven.  
Sweet, did you meet King Love this even?

## THE BIRTH OF DAY.



THE breath of God, the wind,  
hath swept away  
The sombre sable shades of  
Night

From o'er the vast cathedral of the East ;  
Lo, from its lancet-windows, bright  
Beams glint o'er hill, and moor, and dale,  
and lawn.

Prostrate, I thank Thee, Mighty Priest !  
Again Thy wondrous gracious Hand doth  
light

The golden sanctuary-lamp of Day  
With the thin white tapers of the Dawn.

## A SONG OF HOPE.



SORROWED heart! before  
the world  
Lieth wan in its winding-  
sheet,

Thou wilt be wafted hence and whirled  
To gentle Jesus' piercéd Feet.

The prayers from lowly peasant-hearth,  
High-toweréd hall, proud bastioned dun,  
And silent saintly cloister-garth,  
Will reach the Father's Holy One :

And, happy in His skiey Home,  
All-happy in His own God-Mood,  
His Voice will bid thee: "Cease to roam,  
Come to My Heart's glad quietude."

And He will place thee where He lists,  
Perchance full-lowly, nigh the stars—  
Bright tinkling trinkets at the wrists  
Of angels—nigh the portal bars.

Or, mayhap, thou shalt higher be  
Anear the Maid of Moonéd Brows,  
Who'll turn to very ecstasy  
The sorrow of thy wasting woes ;

But, high or low, before the world  
Lieth wan in its winding-sheet,  
Thou wilt be wafted hence and whirled  
To gentle Jesus' piercéd Feet.

## THE CROSS.



SAW the gaunt stark Cross of  
Christ  
Loom dark against a wrack-  
dark sky,

I saw the bruised Man-God up-triced  
Between two thieves, to bleed and die.  
I heard the winds shriek frenziedly,  
I saw the graves give up their dead  
The heavens riven luridly  
With forkéd lightnings flaming-red.

I saw the gaunt stark Cross of Christ,  
I saw the Saviour of the world,  
To please His Father, sacrificed  
Lest earthlings into Hell be hurled.  
I heard the planets' hearts athrob,  
The elemental forces rave,  
And the one great convulsive sob,  
That, when He died, the whole earth  
gave.



I saw the gaunt stark Cross of Christ,  
I saw the dead God hang on it,  
The cloak for which the soldiers diced,  
The spear with which His Side was slit;  
I saw the cruel crown of thorn,  
I saw the Blood from every wound  
That left His Body maimed and torn  
Congealing slowly on the ground.

I saw the gaunt stark Cross of Christ  
Gleam blood-wet 'gainst a blood-red  
sun,  
But, ere His Life He sacrificed—  
That God the Father's Will be done—  
His Eyes, from which Blood-tears did  
creep,  
He turned on me! and, since then I  
Do think for Him all men should weep  
From they are born until they die.

I saw the gaunt stark Cross of Christ—  
If what I saw I could rehearse,  
The firmament would be incised  
With what I'd speak in thunderous  
verse!

And this poor song whose life shall be  
More fleet than frost-nipped nenuphar's,  
Would live for all eternity,  
And hear the death-knell of the stars.

FREE TRANSLATIONS FROM THE IRISH



## A BARD'S LAMENT OVER HIS CHILDREN.



RIVER of great kings and sons  
of kings!

O river of swift bark and  
silver fish!

O Boyne once famed for battle-frays and  
sports,

And heroes of the regal race of Conn!

Art thou grey-grown for all thy comeli-  
ness?

O agéd woman of the grey-green pools!

O sorrowed Boyne! O stream of many  
tears!

Where gone the golden glory of thy sires?

The fame of mighty Art, and wise  
Meltain—

Art of the Arrows, Meltain of the Spears—

Sons of the hero-house of the O'Neill?

To thee, of yore, belonged red victory,

When fires of Fenian wrath were kindled  
    well,  
And blood-smeared bridles clanked on  
    foaming steeds,  
As leaguéd legions swept to venging war.

O river of great kings and sons of kings !  
O river of swift bark and silver fish !  
I lay my blessings on thee with my tears—  
For thou wilt watch forever o'er the grave  
Wherein my treasures sleep, close by thy  
    side ;  
O agéd woman of the grey-green pools !  
O sorrowed Boyne ! O stream of many  
    tears !

There lie my sons in all their lusty strength,  
There lies my girl in all her budding  
    charms—  
Rory and Brian with their sister, Rose.  
These have I given sore against my will,  
O deep dark grave to thee ! They were  
    myself,  
My life, my love, my flesh, my blood, my  
    bone.

The blessings of all men were on the  
three,  
The blessings of the folk that loved them  
well,  
From Holy Kells to ancient Drogheda.  
May peace be on this grave wherein they  
lie  
Beside thy waters, royal stream of kings!  
Here in the spreading lands of the O'Neill.

O river of great kings and sons of kings!  
O river of swift bark and silver fish!  
O Boyne once famed for battle frays and  
sports  
And heroes of the regal race of Conn!  
O agéd woman of the grey-green pools!  
I lay my blessings on thee with my tears.

THE LAMENT OF CREDHE  
OVER CAEL.



THE harbour roareth o'er the  
rushing race  
Of yon grimpoint—The Head-  
land of the Storms;  
Its white-crowned waves are wailing on  
the strand:  
The Slayer of Finnachta of the Teeth,  
The Hundred-Killer, Leinster's bravest  
liege,  
Cael, the son of Crimthann, is no more!  
Cael, the Fighting-Man, hath passed away!

The waves of Tulcha Leis that rise and  
fall,  
And tower and break, are sighing in this  
wise:  
The Fearless One whose hairy hand hath  
felled



Strong-hearted chiefs and wizard warriors,  
Whose battle-shield ne'er cried in craven  
fear,

Cael, the son of Crimthann, is no more!  
Cael, the Fighting-Man, hath passed away!

Woe! in the Pleasant Ridge the thrush's  
cry

Is pitiful, and saddening to the heart;  
In Leiter Laeig the blithesome blackbird  
sings

A sorrow-rann: its voice is full of tears.

Woe! in the marshy places of the Ridge  
Of Strong Men, I can hear the loud-voiced  
crane:

Piteously and sorrowfully she keens:  
She cannot save her nestlings, for the  
fox—

The white fanged fox—doth rend her  
little ones.

Woe! from the Ridge of Lights there  
comes to me

The sobbing of the stag: he wails alone  
For in Druim Silenn lieth dead his hind.

Woefully roars the harbour o'er the race !  
Woefully wail the waves of Tulcha Leis !  
No more the mad thrush lilts its merry  
lay !

No more the blackbird pipes its scolding  
song !

Wildly the crane cries o'er her mangled  
young !

Loudly the stag lows o'er his slaughtered  
hind !

But there is greater grief in my lament,  
And deeper searing sorrow in my heart,  
For he was all to me : lord, love, and life.  
His beauty often put my wits astray !  
And now, I kneel in tears, his dear dark  
head

Pillowed upon a clod of spume-wet grass ;  
His fingers twined in mine, my face on  
his ;

What can I do but weep and pray the Gods  
That they may join us soon, ah ! very  
soon.

LOVE SONGS



## THERE IS A LAND WHERE OLEANDERS BLOW.

(A SONG FROM A LONG DRAMATIC POEM)



HERE is a land where oleanders  
blow,  
And ever dream dim dreams  
from dusk till dawn,  
Where fragrant pomegranates forever  
rear  
The gorgeous golden glory of their blooms.

There is a land where white magnolias—  
Swaying as softly as the sparkling waves,  
Front the dull-green ilexis, like the surf  
That foams about the base of basalt-cliffs.

There is a land where poppies, creamy-  
white,  
Waver serenely to the west-wind's tune,  
Where new-blown roses, red as living  
blood,  
Breathe forth the very essence of their  
souls.

There is a land where happy honey-  
flowers

Mingle their sweets with vales of violets,  
Foam-white and purple, dewy-eyed and  
fair,

Thither we twain will wend our way—  
and rest.

## CHOPIN'S 7TH PRELUDE.




I CANNOT bring the flowers  
That I was wont to bring,  
I cannot sing the songs  
That I was wont to sing :

My garth is tangled grown,  
My rose-trees witheréd,  
And I am sad at heart  
For my fond hopes are dead.

Pale rosemary and rue  
The only flowers I bring,  
Songs of the death of Love  
The only songs I sing ;  
Pale rosemary and rue  
Over your grave I spread—  
Oh, for the deep sweet sleep  
Of lovers that are dead !

## A BORDER-LAIRD'S LOVE-SONG.

HE'D hae huntin' hawks an'  
hounds,  
Toweréd ha's and bowers  
shadey,

Tree-busked walks, an' flower-laid grounds,  
Gin she'd be my winsome lady.

She'd hae herds o' glossy kine,  
Siller store, an' richest treasure,  
Gin her licht feet tripped wi' mine  
Thro' the stately marriage-measure.

She'd hae jewelled rings tae wear,  
Leathern shoon and sendall dresses,  
Flimsy silks tae gar her fair,  
Gowden braid tae bind her tresses.

She'd be 'tentit nicht an' day,  
Thoughts o' former wrinklín' labour  
Minstrel-wights would soothe away  
Wi' mellow oboe, lute, and tabor.



I would scale the mountain peaks,  
I would plough the heavin' water,  
Did my comin' light the cheeks  
O' the salmon-fisher's daughter.

AVE ET SALVE.



THE highest hills in the mists  
are hidden,  
The flowers you gave me  
are witheréd;  
You shall go hence, by me unhidden—  
For all the dreams that I dreamed are  
dead.

You came, of old, unsought, unbidden,  
And gave me your mouth so soft and  
red;  
You shall go hence, by me unhidden—  
For all the dreams that I dreamed are  
dead.

I gave you my love; and the heart you  
hid in  
At your faintest sigh like a new wound  
bled;  
You shall go hence, by me unhidden—  
For all the dreams that I dreamed are  
dead.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES



## THE SPHINX.



METHINKS that thou wert old,  
O Silent One !

Ere Pasht on her first votaries  
did frown,

And still thou look'st the teeming  
centuries down,

Half-cynically, from thy vast desert  
throne.

Thou'st seen Tyre, Nineveh, and Babylon,  
Crumble like lotus-leaves ; kings of  
renown,

Who first made history, in Time's surges  
drown ;

And dusts of mighty empires starward  
blown.

Yet, I believe, should I creep, stealthily,  
When with pale stars the dark-green  
skies are dight,

To where thou crouchest brooding  
on the world—

That I would hear from thy stone heart  
a cry

For mankind's present suffering and  
earth's plight,

What though thine æon-mute lips in  
scorn seem curled.

## APRIL.



I loved you, gentle maiden,  
With a tender love and true,  
And, longingly, oft searched  
for you

Through greenening glens, ere yet your  
laughter

(Sighed for, sought for, followed after)

Thro' the budded branches ringing

Set the new-come birds a-singing,

Till I spied you coming laden

With sweet yellow daffodils.

Now you are gone again, sweet maiden,

May comes tripping o'er the hills,

Carolling to the leaping rills;

But though her merry music thrills

My soul, I'll ne'er forget you, maiden,


Or your rippling girlish laughter

(Sighed for, sought for, followed after)

As you came to meet me, laden

With sweet yellow daffodils.

## THE LINNET'S SONG.

ALK on alone, and let me lie  
Upon the violet-covered banks  
Of this cool softly-crooning  
stream ;

And, as the sparkling sunbeams kiss  
Its bosom, I will muse and dream :  
I'll tender Christ my heart-felt thanks  
For such a perfect day as this ;  
I'll watch the clouds sail by  
And search them, as they pass, for poetry,  
I'll list the linnet in yon grove  
Pour forth its song of passionate love ;  
And, friend, I pray, think not of me,  
For I could lie the glad day long  
A-listening to a linnet's song  
And never lonely be.



ALIA TENTANDA VIA EST.



THE lean and leafless trees are  
darkly set  
Against enangered skies that  
no stars dight,  
And far-off voices call me onward yet,  
Though I am weary, Melancholy Night!

The hollow way with sharpéd thorns was  
strewn,  
With jagged crags and rocks the rugged  
height,  
My feet are bleeding, cans't not hear me  
moan?  
Hast thou no pity, Melancholy Night?

I have gained all: and I have nothing  
gained!

The years leer round with faces drawn  
and white,  
My sandals are out-worn, my cloak mire-  
stained,  
My strength is broken, Melancholy  
Night!

The dark wraiths lured me to the topmost  
peaks

(I stand tear-blinded in the waning light,  
I shall not see a new dawn's silver  
streaks)

May I not rest now, Melancholy Night?

Fairer my love than Petrarch's love;  
more fair

Than Beatrice; or Tasso's heart's-  
delight;

Give me to kiss once more her fragrant  
hair—


My heart is breaking, Melancholy  
Night!

I've clomb so high God's glimmering camp  
above

Is very near; then pity my sad plight;  
Give me back youth and strength and  
hope and love,

Or Death's clay arms, O Melancholy  
Night.

## THE ART OF AUSTIN DOBSON.

HEN I read Austin Dobson I  
    seem to be whirled  
    Far away from the roar of  
    this work-a-day world  
With its aeroplanes, engines, and fleet  
    motor-cars,  
That hiss by with shrill screaming and  
    hooting that jars,  
To the old-fashioned days of Politeness  
    and Quiet,  
When even the hedgerows ne'er dared to  
    run riot,  
But were fashioned and clipped with a  
    neat sedate primness  
(Like Dobson's own verses renowned for  
    their trimness).

I can picture myself, at the Even's com-  
posure,  
With Prue, arm-in-arm, in the garden's  
enclosure :  
On his favourite seat, in the shade, Father's  
sitting,  
"Churchwarden" alight, watching Mother  
a-knitting ;  
We leave them and pass down the path  
to the phlox,  
Or pause by the flauntingly-proud holly-  
hocks ;  
Ere we come to the hives we can hear the  
bees humming  
And droning, like Mall-gossips, going and  
coming.

Or, I picture myself at *The Cheese*, in a  
corner,  
And as pleased with my "Pie" as was  
little Jack Horner ;  
Soon old Johnson stumps in from the  
Play, bringing Burke  
And Goldsmith, and soon they are all  
hard at work,

And twixt monthfuls of "Pie," "Toasted  
Cheese," "Marrow-Bones"

The Doctor holds forth in his dogmatic  
tones :

"I'll wager a crown *The Mistakes of a  
Night*, Sir,  
Has given the Kellys a terrible fright, Sir."

Or, I fancy, when Spring robes the Park  
in new-green,

And the smallest of buds on the trees may  
be seen,

That I move thro' the walks of St. James'  
in my chair

With the ease of a Great Person taking  
the air.

Or, I strut at Vauxhall, 'mid perfumed  
furbelows,

And ogle the maids with the best of the  
beaux ;

And I muse, at the end of the gay  
masquerade :

"Was 't my lady I kisst, or her ladyship's  
maid ?"

Or, on closing his *Poems*, in a post-chaise  
I sit,  
Pretending to laugh at the quips of a  
“wit.”  
Though fearful, on Bagshot Heath, Turpin  
will try  
To hold-up the creaking well-packed  
*Plymouth Fly* ;  
And I hear—when we’re all safe and snug  
in *The Dragon*—  
Loud boasts from the depths of the  
young Ensign’s flagon :  
“If our journey Sir Dick had attempted  
to mar,  
I’d have taken his head to adorn Temple  
Bar.”

’Tis a wonderful world that I live in  
indeed,  
What time I his well-worn *Collected  
Poems* read :  
’Tis the world of the Dutch kings, the  
Press-gang, the Fleet,  
Of well-gravelled garden, and ill-cobbled  
street,

Of laces, silks, satins, fans, periwigs,  
    patches,  
Of dice-throwing, cock-fighting, duelling-  
    matches,  
Wherein Virtue was never exactly ab-  
    horred—  
And where mightier far than the pen was  
    the sword.

When I read Austin Dobson I seem to be  
    whirled  
Far away from the roar of this work-a-day  
    world,  
With its aeroplanes, engines, and fleet  
    motor-cars,  
That hiss by with shrill screaming and  
    hooting that jars,  
To the old-fashioned days of Politeness  
    and Quiet,  
When even the hedgerows ne'er dared to  
    run riot,  
But were fashioned and clipped with a  
    neat sedate primness  
(Like Dobson's own verses renowned for  
    their trimness).

## TO MADELINE.



OUR love is like a star that  
sheds soft rays  
Of gleaming amber light to  
guide my feet ;

Your love is like a rose, wind-blown and  
sweet,  
Whose lasting fragrance perfumes all my  
days ;  
Your love is like a melodie that strays  
From Paradisal lutes High-God to  
greet,  
A poignant thing that makes my life  
complete,  
And is too great for my weak-worded  
praise.

Your love is like a star and like a rose,  
All-bright and fragrant ; like a melodie  
That lifts the heart and soul to God  
above ;



And, day succeeding day, the chastlier  
grows,  
And, thro' my nights and days abides  
with me,  
Yea, like a holy unseen presence,  
love!

## THE DREAM-TELLER.



WAS a dreamer : I dreamed  
Adream at the dark of dawn,  
When the stars hung over the  
mountains  
And morn was wan.

I dreamed my dream at morn,  
At noon, at the even-light,  
But I told it to you, dark woman,  
One soft glad night.

And the sharing of my dream  
Has brought me only this :  
The gnawing pain of loss, the ache  
For your mouth to kiss.

I walked the high hills, last night,  
And lo, where the pale stars gleam,  
God's cold Voice spake : " If you dream  
again,  
Tell none your dream ;  
Tell none your dream ! "

## AN ENDING.



YOU came, last night, and stood  
beside my bed,  
Bent low, and pressed my  
lips in gentlewise ;  
Then crept away, in tears, at dawn's rose-  
red  
With all the world of sorrow in your  
eyes.

I pray I may not dream of you again !  
I ache for sleep to soothe and strengthen  
me,  
To bear the gnawing agonizing pain  
You gave me with your kisses—  
thoughtlessly.

It breaks my heart to know you dream,  
my sweet,  
I cannot bid you love me—Love is  
dead !  
And Hope has wandered by with bleeding  
feet  
To walk the lonely star-ways overhead.

## MANANAN MacLIR.



MANANAN MacLIR hath come  
up to-night  
From his coral-house in the  
dark-grey deep ;

At the base of the cliffs where the sea-  
birds sleep  
He stalks, and his king-robe of nacreous  
white  
Gleams bright as a she-wolf's fangs bared  
to bite.

The thunders are crashing, the wild  
winds sweep,  
As the fair Sidhe-maids o'er the crag-  
tops peep,  
To mark the old man by each flash of  
light.

Ay, the Sidhe-maids fear Mananan  
MacLir !

For one of them, fair as a rose in June,

Was carried away by the sea-king  
far,  
Far under the seas, where he married her ;  
And she ne'er again saw the sun or the  
moon  
Or the wavering light of each silver  
star.

A PRAYER TO GOD THE  
FATHER FOR THE WORLD.



ORD God of Hosts, in these  
wrath-days of death  
Raise one in Ireland who  
with flaming words  
Will hymn Thy glory and our eldern  
faith,  
And hurl a withering curse on dripping  
swords.

Inspire his soul that he may speak to  
man—

In such enthundered tones as Thou  
employed  
When in the stark Beginning Thou began  
To call the systems from the vast dark  
Void ;

Or, in such wise as Thou to Adam spake,  
To Noah, or to Abraham—and awe

As Thou did'st when Thou mad'st the  
heavens quake—

What time Thou gav'st the Tables of  
the Law.

Let him be strong of purpose, and ne'er  
cease

Till he bequeathe this 'nobling heritage;  
And may Fame's bugles wind his song of  
peace

Around the world, while rolleth age on  
age.

For sore are men in need of such a song  
To lure their spirits back to Thee,  
dread Lord!

For now the righteous are the thralls of  
Wrong,  
And hands that raised the chalice grasp  
the sword.

And with wild mirth the hosts of Hell  
carouse  
To see the earthlings Jesus died to save



Make of their star a desolate charnel-  
house,  
And in His Cross's place enthrone the  
glaive ;

And labour, frenziedly, thro' days and  
nights  
Seeking new means to swathe their  
brothers down,  
For now, most lauded he who maims and  
blights,  
And wins by Murder's red path, to  
renown.

Thy Son, our gracious Saviour, weep'st  
(and meet  
It is that He should weep all-  
bitterly)  
To see this once-green earth bepooled  
with gleet  
By man in more-than-primal savagery.  
Yea, He must writhe to see its fairest  
parts



All-disembowelled and cindered with  
white flame,  
Dunged and re-dunged with shattered  
human hearts  
By puny kings who slaughter in Thy  
Name.

Lord God! we wot our own grim sires  
made war—  
That Ireland's life-blood oozed for  
centuries,  
That only now Time healeth her last scar,  
That only now Hope dryeth her sad  
eyes.

But if our fathers warred, and righteously  
Burst in black fury on the hosts that  
sought  
Our shores, 'twas not from lust for  
emperey—  
But to guard well the true Faith Patrick  
taught.

Remember! they or we no faith-troth  
brake

With Thee, when Thou art wrothed by  
battling hordes  
And raise one to re-tell Thy Love and  
make  
Thy little creatures sheathe their little  
swords.

Or they each other shall exterminate  
And the earth (which was ere Thy  
creating mood,  
A bubble of water, shapeless, desolate)  
Shall drift a derelict bubble of heaving  
blood :

A firmamentary sore : and anger Thee  
Till Thou wilt pluck it from its ordered  
place,  
And in Thy just wrath lunge it, hurtlingly,  
To be for ever lost in infinite space.

Or Thou mayhap of all Thy worlds will  
fash  
And clench Thy Hand wherein, mote-  
like, they spin

And with one ruining chaotic crash  
Silence for evermore their rhythmic din.

Ah, no ! wax not so wroth, dread Lord !  
Behold

This corpse-swamped earth in panging  
agony

And be appeased as with the Flood of old  
Or with Thy Son's last sob on Calvary.

And, from the heavens, graciously bend  
forth

And mix our blood with tears from Thy  
grave Eyes,

And bathe and heal the gaping wounds  
of earth

And cleanse it of its foul impurities ;

And raise one of our race to speak to man  
In such enthundered tones as Thou  
employed

When in the stark Beginning Thou began  
To call the systems from the vast dark  
Void.

Or in such wise as Thou to Adam spake,  
To Noah and to Abraham, and tell  
Of Thy great mercies till his singings  
shake

The towers of Heaven and the crypts  
of Hell.

Let him be strong of purpose and ne'er  
cease

Till he bequeathe this 'nobling heritage  
And may thine angels wind his hymn of  
peace

Around the world while rolleth age on  
age.

And men shall see Thee in the air and sea,  
And hear Thee in the storm, and wind,  
and wave,

And smell Thee in the leaf, and flower  
and tree,

And touch and taste Thee in the quiet  
grave.

## SOME PRESS OPINIONS ON MR. GREGORY'S WORK.

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### OLD WORLD BALLADS. 2/- net.

*Studies*—" . . . It may seem a paradox to say it, though it has been said, that the ultimate makers of a nation are not the leaders—either in war, politics, or industry—but the poets, who give deathless fame to the achievements of those leaders . . . who, for instance, in former times, dare speak or sing of '98 in Ireland. Few indeed ; but now the sorrows of her people at that time, as at all other, are better known. . . . This little book of song contains four ballads on this period, written in the Ulster-folk dialect, and in them the poet seems to have caught the spirit of the time with unerring precision. . . . The condensed feeling expressed in 'A Rebel's Wife,' brief as the ballad is, tells us more about '98 than many a page of dull history. The longer 'Ballad of Master Fox,' which seems as if it came straight out of Percy's *Reliques*, is quite remarkable for the same old-world skill : one could scarcely recognise, if not told, that it was written, so to speak, yesterday..."

*The Irish Review*—" . . . a long ballad that is Scots in form, vocabulary, and substance. 'The Ballad of Master Fox' has all the concrete grisliness of the type, and the writer has been able to carry it on without the reader being left to question once his words, his incidents, or the characters he presents . . ."

*The Athenæum*—"Framed on old-world models, these ballads have successfully caught the old-world spirit. In the Ballads of the Irish Rebellion of 1798, written in the Ulster-folk dialect, Mr. Gregory is at his best. . ."

*The Northern Whig*—" . . . Of late we have seen a new interest in the ballad. Mr. G. Chesterton's 'Ballad of the White Horse' is an authentic addition to poetry; Mr. Masfield has tried his hand at it in his own way;

and, to go a little further back, 'The Ballad of Reading Gaol,' though derived rather from 'The Ancient Mariner' than from the Border Minstrelsy, remains Oscar Wilde's final contribution to literature. In 'The Ballad of Master Fox' Mr. Gregory, unlike these writers has aimed less at an adaptation than at a reconstruction. The work is an uncannily clever piece of thinking back, not merely as regards form, but in its expression of the mediæval attitude . . . and the manner in which he modifies the verse to reflect the varying moods of the tale displays fine artistry."

*The Irish Rosary*—" . . . That real poetry pays and receives recognition nowadays has been proved once more in the case of Padric Gregory. To judge by the extracts from reviews of 'The Ulster Folk' contained at the back of his latest book, 'Old World Ballads,' that first volume received an unusual amount of attention from the great English papers. At home he was hailed as the originator of a new movement in Irish verse.

" . . . The longest ballad in the book is 'The Ballad of Master Fox,' and it is a strange and terrifying piece of work. The finish is perfect; and written as it is in the old Border Ballad form, it will surely be mistaken for an ancient poem that has lain for generations in obscurity. It would be wrong to call it an imitation; for it is the real thing, and possesses all the colour and life of an old ballad, and that peculiar weakness of form which is the product of infinite pains.

" . . . Because of his restraint, there seems to me to have been no writer of verse who expressed Ulster's awful sorrows with the same vivid fidelity as Mr. Gregory. In his Irish ballads he has given us works of art which will hereafter be read and remembered in thousands of Irish homes. And he has done something else; he has forced the reality of the horrors of 1798 upon the English-speaking world. It would be hard to set limits upon the power of such verse."

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## PRESS OPINIONS

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*The Nation*—" . . . In 'The Ulster Folk' Mr. Padric Gregory sings gaily and freshly to old tunes, and puts his personality into his verse . . ."

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*T.P.'s Weekly*—"The author has collected many of the old folk-songs of Antrim and Down . . . Where only snatches of song or incomplete versions could be obtained, he has completed them. Being a poet, they are better for it. Because a dead peasant has forgotten part of a song, it is no reason why a living poet should not remember it. The poems have humour, and lilt and pathos, and are not for Ulster alone, but for many."

#### PRESS OPINIONS

Larchan O'Chiaran in *Sinn Fein* (Dublin)—“I had been reading in the *Irish Review* for June a notice referring to the verse—almost all of it in ballad form, and all of it unconventional—which J. B. Yeats has gathered up in several monthly issues of ‘A Broadside.’ In the notice the reviewer expressed the opinion that ‘a new movement in Irish verse will, one day, originate in this singular collection.’ The words recalled to my mind a small volume of verse entitled ‘The Ulster Folk,’ which I had been reading some time previously. I reopened it, thinking that here indeed was an instance in which the event—or, at any rate the commencement of it—had preceded the prophet . . . ”







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